

Examining the newly published books of verse from time to time, the

The distinctive thing in EDWIN MARKHAM'S volume *The Shoes of Happiness and Other Poems* (Doubleday, Page) is its blending of three quite distinct elements—pure imagination, the mystery of life and the glorification of the commonplace. The piece is of the old-fashioned sort, a story of an Oriental who cannot be happy till he stands in the shoes of one who has never been unhappy, and finds, after having the whole land searched, the happy man too poor to have a pair of shoes. The poet's best service is in giving the modern spirit expression in the manner of our earlier poets. The spirit is the same, varying superficially in phase, and poetry is the thing that gives it warmth. It is the special quality of these rich verses. They are emotional rather than intellectual.

**Powell Clayton's Peppery Book on
"Reconstruction" in Arkansas.**

When the veteran spectator of the great American games of politics takes

the controversies are all deceased and recently interred there is abundant entertainment and some amusement in the reminiscences of the old, bitter fields of battle. There is a "glorifying" "reconstruction," in that book, of issues long since settled but of immortal memory for their influence in solidifying the principles of the American Republic. It would not be nice, and is certainly no part of present intention, to aim aspersions or even insinuations at the public career of Powell Clayton: his claim to attention is that of a political personage of a type or of a high standard which has not yet been mixed and lost in a general, monotonous gray.

On the second day of July in 1868 Gen. Clayton was inaugurated at Little Rock, Arkansas, under the Reconstruction measure of President Ulysses S. Grant. He was preceded by Isaac Murphy, provisional Governor, under the military authority of President Grant. On the old State House grounds a stand had been put up for the speaker. The speaker had been elected by an assemblage of the Unfurnished Union men, who had furnished

with straw. From it ex-Governor Murphy fished out a gallon stone jug, removed the cork, and politely presented the jug to me. * * * The real "mountain dew."

The year 1868 in Arkansas was one of terrorism. The list of political murders

Union man, who switched to the Democratic side after failing to be re-elected in the United States Senate in 1856, and who had not joined the Republican Government. Another was Lieutenant-Governor Johnson, whom the Democrats wanted to see in full power, and who tried to capture the Governor's office. Clayton was in New York in 1856. State bonds were not sold, and \$396 that the furor over Governor Clayton's bond issues subsided. The Democrats made political capital of the statement that \$750,000 of the State's public debt, indebtedness was traceable to the fraudulent sale of bonds. In 1896 the ex-Governor managed to bring the charges to a settlement and retraction; which gives him an opening or the faint, these incompetent Democrats. In the years in office he was a man of great influence. Without knowing, his financial affairs of a million dollars, the true financial standing of the State. A microcosm of American politics.

These acrimonious debates may be seen in the names and those who held the light in the distance, the book has a broader bearing in the

They did not last long. The labor problem settled itself. Extracts from the State papers of 1869 report a steady stream of settlers pouring in from

Gen. Clayton's posthumous volume

the beneficent operation of an intelligent, businesslike managerial administration. By the qualities, or lack of them, of the people, the happiness of the people, the people's happiness depends on the qualities of his employers and bosses.

Paralleling the railroad, the "New West" is being built, infused with life, and making, "the split log drag man," did missionary work in this country, and he reads show the good results of his hobby riding. Touring, as a hobby, has been prominent with the names of Eastern cities, bound in Colorado Springs and similar resorts, and even for the Coast. It is the man making a local trip that "wants to see the best of the machine" weighed in "town," giving the "best" of a welcome "lift" of anywhere from five miles to twenty-five. Even the Mennonites' pure devotion to their faith, wables under stress of gasoline.

The most delightful passage in the book is that which tells of a stay of two or three days with one of their families, a pause in the day's occupation,

their welcome, but the snapshots of odd characters met, the paragraphs ruled by a commanding emotion that drives out self-consciousness, and the

bits of whimsical hobo lore: Five households may be approached with

filled the gap. But the audience was laughing. Byron sat in a box with the "Blanchette" critic. "A strong opinion was heard," the critic said. "I am inclined to sympathize with the opinion advanced." "What's that, Byron?" "What's that?" The playwright, probably the calmest person in the room, replied, "I open my soul, and you don't know, old man—using the're" "Cutting out the fourth act." "A word for the old time stock companies: The stock companies of the last generation were the most successful of the drama that ever existed. In them words were continued, varied and earnest, and nearly always under the guidance of an experienced actor, who would not only give the audience the benefit of his knowledge, but he remembered the commercial side of speaking, made up his mind to get the most out of the audience, and he considered the commercial side of the drama. He was as alert as an artist, of course, but he was almost as much as almost unlimited practice. When he has sometimes had occasion to speak in the theatre, he has been almost as good as his gentleman of to-day have been. I have said, 'Yes, but how was it done?' 'It was done by the old time stock companies, and I state here that I had dared to give the aliphad, color-

moment it was not intended for me.
I sent it to Boucicault. Yours ever,
Ed."

The name of Samuel Phelps (1804-1878) is not one of the few, immortal, even an English work records him

original something about Allen commands attention." He took commission from "the deistical" reason.

The revolt was carried along by Samuel Johnson of Connecticut, 1696-1772, later president of Columbia, and his idealism paved the way for Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), mystic, reaching the inadequacy of reason to explain the mystery of the "inner life." From mysticism a straight track runs on to the Quakers and, in times of "Christian Science, Mysticism, and chaos," to the apostasy generally to minds "practical, yet unutilized, non-academic yet speculative." And side by side with this goes a statement that idealism has been "ruined in the Northern States, materialism in the South"—generalizations brittle in speculation.

The reaction against Puritanism made, to all effects and purposes, a mass of persons so unlike in "circumstances" as John Woolman, the Quaker, and the Quaker, William Penn, *American Proprietary of the native American*. Idealists fol-

movement was greatly helped by the influx of new settlers, carrying it over the country: "The glacial age in American thought." The Princeton

Realistic metaphysic was dualistic—
God and the world, soul and body, sub-

The pilgrims in Hutton Garden, and are described in a third volume. The pilgrimage extended down Farnington street to West Smithfield, described in a third volume, "a shameful place all a-smeared with filth, and a shameful and foul form." Much has been done to root out the stain of the most pestiferous and noxious weeds, but many sombre Dickens landmarks remain.

POET'S GARDEN NOTES.

Interesting Find of an Unknown Manuscript of Thomas Gray.

A manuscript journal for 1754 by Thomas Gray, who wrote the immortal elegies in "Dickens' Churchyard," has been unearthed, says the *London Daily Telegraph*, by Sidney Hodgson among the mass of legal documents in the possession of the Hon. Mr. Justice Stirling. It is a record of meteorological and botanical observations made by a poet from March 1 to September 1, 1754, and reveals him as a gifted naturalist.

The observations on flowers and plants are meticulously exact and close, embracing notes made in London, Norfolk, Poles, Hampshire, Twickenham, Bletchley, Warwick and Great

"If an advocate, in the course of a trial for murder, comes to recognize that his client is guilty, is he," asked the

earned Judge, "to say to the court, 'I am my client'?" Judges have seldom asked about the ethics of advertising.

The young man came to me and asked me for particulars about the totalities of the work of the Holy Spirit. I was working in his time and said he must possess our men struck him as being about as smart as in marching he had ever seen. "He asked me so many particulars about them and asked them how they thought I should be able to do that sort of work," he exclaimed and then he led off to the head of the column and informed one of our majors of our arrival, and after I took from him the major's sword.

The other stopped me and asked me if I had any more questions. I had and had tried to put a dozen more, but he said no and he told me it was so. He is a person than Rudyard Kipling.

Butler and the Bishop.

A former Bishop of Bathurst was called to impress on his Rats as West Indians the importance of a "goodby" to the Bishop. It is the "goodby, my dear young lord," which once said in taking leave of the Bishop, the palace door, says I. P. Butler, "I don't know what it is, but I don't know what it is, but I don't forget the Butler," the lord, I haven't," stammered at the

g in his time and said he must confess our men struck him as being about

"The other stepped me roughly and roughly asked me if I knew anything about it," he said. "I told him I did not and he told me it was 50 as a person than Rudyard Kipling."

Butler and the Bishop.

A former Bishop of Bath says: "We were called to impress on his ordinaries the importance of a good education for the clergy." "Good-by, my dear young friend, once said in taking leave of a student of the palace door, says I, 'What?' The bishop then said, 'What? What?' 'Lord, I haven't' stammered at the